

C 98-72

THE
Aldburgh
CONNECTION

and the
Faculty of Music, University of Toronto



present

Heidi Klann *soprano*
Alex Dobson *baritone*
with
Stephen Ralls *piano*

Walter Hall
Friday, December 4, 1998,
8 p.m.



HEIDI KLANN soprano

ALEX DOBSON baritone

STEPHEN RALLS piano



Excerpts from *Cantata 140: Wachet auf*

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

This cantata was written in Leipzig in 1731 for the 27th Sunday after Trinity — the last Sunday before Advent. The two duets make extensive use of biblical quotation, particularly from the Song of Solomon, and Bach's quasi-operatic writing creates an extended love scene for Christ and the Soul of Man.

Duet

Seele: Wannkommst du,
mein Heil?
Jesus: Ich komme, dein Teil.
Seele: Ich warte mit brennendem
Öle.
Eröffne den Saal zum
himmlischen Mahl!
Jesus: Ich öffne den Saal
zum himmlischen Mahl.
Seele: Komm, Jesu!
Jesus: Komm, liebe Seele!

Duet

Soul: When will you come, my
salvation?
Jesus: I come, your better part.
Soul: I wait with lighted
lamp.
Open the room for
the heavenly feast.
Jesus: I open the room for the
heavenly feast.
Soul: Come, Jesu!
Jesus: I come, sweet soul!

Recitative

So geh herein zu mir, du mir
erwählte Braut!
Ich habe mich mit dir von
Ewigkeit vertraut!
Dich will ich auf mein Herz, auf
meinen Arm gleich wie ein Segel
setzen
Und dein betrübtes Aug ergötzen.
Vergiss, o Seele, nun die Angst,
den Schmerz,
Den du erdulden müssen;
Auf meine Linken sollst du ruhn,
Und meine Rechte soll dich
küssen.

Recitative

So come into me, my
chosen bride!
I have betrothed myself to you
for eternity.
I will set you like a seal
on my heart,
on my arm,
and will delight your sad eyes.
Now forget, O soul, the fear and
pain
you have had to endure;
at my left hand will you rest
and at my right hand will I kiss
you.

Please turn page quietly

Duet

Seele: Mein Freund ist mein!

Jesus: Und ich bin sein!

Beide: Die Liebe soll nichts
scheiden!Seele: Ich will mit dir in Himmels
Rosen weiden,Jesus: Du sollst mit mir in Himmels
Rosen weiden,Beide: Da Freude die Fülle,
da Wonne wird sein!*Duet*

Soul: My friend is mine

Jesus: And I am hers.

Both: Nothing shall sever
love.Soul: I will enjoy the roses of
heaven with you.Jesus: You will enjoy the roses of
heaven with me.Both: There will be fullness of
joy and rapture.**Liederkreis, Op 24 (Heine)****Robert Schumann (1810-56)**

Schumann's first song-cycle was composed early in 1840, his miraculous 'year of song', when his love for Clara Wieck was about to be rewarded by marriage. It is extraordinary, and at the same time revelatory, that his feelings for his future wife should find their musical expression in terms of Heine's poems, shot through as they are with irony and pessimism. However, the cycle concludes with *Mit Myrthen und Rosen* and the delightful image of Schumann offering a book of songs to his beloved; in fact, as a wedding gift he did present his next cycle, *Myrthen*, Op. 25.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Morgens steh' ich auf und frage: | At morn I rise and ask: |
| Kommt feins Liebchen heut? | Will my love come today? |
| Abends sink' ich hin und klage: | At even I sink down, complain: |
| Aus blieb sie auch heut. | And today she stayed away. |

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer	At night, with my grief,
Lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;	watchful, sleepless, I lie;
Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,	dreaming, half slumbering,
Wandle ich bei Tag.	I wander through the day.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich
her! | I'm driven this way, driven
that! |
| Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll
ich sie schauen, | A few more hours, then I shall
see her, |
| Sie selber, die schönste der
schönen Jungfrauen; — | her, the fairest of fair
maidens; — |
| Du treues Herz, was pochst du so
schwer! | faithful heart, how hard
you beat! |

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules
Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähmend ihre Wege; —
Tummle dich, du faules Volk!

The hours, though, are a lazy
breed!
With easy indolence they dawdle,
yawningly they crawl their way; —
get a move on, you lazy breed!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfaßt!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die
Horen;
Heimlich im grausamen
Bunde verschworen,
Spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden
Hast.

Raging haste seizes and impels me;
but the Hours can never have
loved;
secretly bound in cruel
league,
spitefully they mock lovers'
haste.

3. Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Amid the trees I wandered,
with my grief, alone;
and the old dreams came,
and stole into my heart

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein
gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz
es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

Who taught you that dear
word,
birds in the airy heights?
Be silent. When my heart
hears it,
it causes again such pain.

'Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.'

'A maid there was came walking,
she sang it all the time,
and we birds seized upon it,
that lovely, golden word.'

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
Ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir
stehlen,
Ich aber niemandem trau'.

You're not to tell me that,
you birds so wondrous sly;
my grief you would
steal from me.
but no one do I trust.

4. Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen
aufs Herze mein; —

Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im
Kämmerlein?

Da hauset ein Zimmermann
schlimm und arg,

Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag
und bei Nacht;

Es hat mich schon längst um den
Schlaf gebracht.

Ach! sputet Euch, Meister
Zimmermann,

Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

My dearest, lay your hand
on my heart; —

ah, can you hear the
hammering?

A carpenter lives there,
wicked and bad,
fashioning me a coffin.

A banging and hammering day
and night;

it has long since taken my sleep
away,

Ah, master carpenter,
make haste,
so that I soon may sleep.

5. Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen
scheiden, —

Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!

Nimmer wär' es dann
geschehen,

Daß ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem
weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von
hinnen,

Bitter Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen

Sinnen,

Und mein Herz ist krank und
wund.

Beautiful cradle of my sorrows,
beautiful tombstone of my peace,
beautiful town, we must
part, —

to you I cry farewell.

Farewell, sacred threshold
which my dear love treads;
farewell, sacred place
where I first beheld her.

Had I but never seen you,
beautiful queen of my heart!
Never would it then have
happened
that I am now so wretched.

I never wished to stir your heart,
love I have never craved;
to lead a quiet life,
where you breathed, no more
I asked.

But you, you drive me
hence,
your lips speak bitter words;
madness rages in my
mind,
and my heart is sick and
sore.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

And my limbs, feeble and weak,
on I will drag, staff in hand,
till I lay my tired head down
in a cold and distant grave.

6. Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich
Abschied,
Von Europa und von ihr.

Wait, wait, wild sailor,
soon I'll follow to the port;
two maidens I have to
part from
from Europe and from her.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen
Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
Daß ich mit dem heißen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Blood, stream from my
eyes,
blood, gush from my body,
that I may, in hot blood.
write down my sorrows.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert's du, mein Blut
zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und
herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Oh, my love, why just today
do you shudder to see
my blood?
You've seen me pale, heart
bleeding,
before you for years on end!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme Apfelfgabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Remember the ancient story
of the serpent in Paradise,
who, by wicked gift of an apple,
cast our forebear into woe?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm'
und Tod.

All ill has come with the apple!
Eve brought with it death,
Eris — the flames of Troy,
you — both, flames
and death.

7. Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter Mountains, castles gaze down
 In den spiegelhellen Rhein, into the mirror-clear Rhine,
 Und mein Schiffchen segelt and gaily sails my tiny
 munter, boat,
 Rings umglänzt von surrounded by sunlight
 Sonnenschein. gleam.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele Calmly I watch the play
 Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt; of golden, ruffled waves;
 Still erwachen die Gefühle, softly the feelings awaken
 Die ich tief im Busen hegt'. I'd nursed deep in my heart.

Freundlich grüssend und With friendly welcome,
 verheißend promising,
 Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht; the river's splendour beckons me;
 Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleißend, but I know it — glistening above,
 Birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht. it hides death and night below.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken, Above pleasure, at heart malice,
 Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild! river, you resemble my love!
 Die kann auch so freundlich She can nod just as
 nicken, welcomingly,
 Lächelt auch so fromm und mild. smile just as sweetly and gently.

8. Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen, At first I almost despaired,
 Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie; thought I could never bear it;
 Und ich hab' es doch getragen — yet borne it I have —
 Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie? only ask me not how.

9. Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich With myrtle and roses, sweet
 und hold, and fair,
 Mit duft'gen Zypressen und fragrant cypress and foil of
 Flittergold, gold,
 Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie would I decorate this book like
 'nen Totenschrein, a coffin
 Und sargen meine Lieder hinein. and in it put my songs.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen Would I might put love
 hinzu! in too!
 Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst On love's grave grows the
 Blümlein der Ruh', flower of peace,
 Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt there it blossoms, there is
 man es ab, — plucked, —
 Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich it will bloom for me only above
 selber im Grab. my own grave.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die
 einst so wild,
 Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem
 Ätna entquillt,
 Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten
 Gemüt,
 Und rings viel blitzende Funken
 versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und
 totengleich,
 Nun starren sie kalt und
 nebelbleich,
 Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut
 sie belebt,
 Wenn der Liebe Geist einst
 über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel
 Ahnung laut:
 Der Liebe Geist einst über
 sie taut;
 Einst kommt dies Buch in
 deine Hand,
 Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes
 Zauberbann,
 Die blaßen Buchstaben schaun
 dich an,
 Sie schauen dir flehend ins
 schöne Aug',
 Und flüstern mit Wehmut und
 Liebeshauch.

Here now are the songs which
 once, wild
 as a stream of lava pouring
 from Etna,
 burst from the depths of
 my soul,
 showering many glittering
 sparks around.

Mute now they lie, and as
 if dead,
 rigid now, cold, and pallid as the
 mist,
 but the old glow shall revive
 them anew,
 if love's spirit one day be poised
 above them

And in my heart the thought
 speaks loud;
 that spirit will one day above
 them thaw;
 this book one day will fall into
 your hands
 my sweet love, in a distant land.

Then shall song's magic spell
 break free.
 the pallid letters gaze at
 you.
 gaze imploringly at your fair
 eyes,
 whisper with melancholy and
 breath of love.



Intermission

Cinq Poèmes de Charles Baudelaire

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

'However much Baudelaire loved music, however friendly he was with Wagner, Gounod and Liszt, his poetry is not the easiest literature to turn into song; much of it brims with a verbal music that does not need the interference of a singing voice. It is even more difficult for a composer to illustrate the complexities of Baudelaire's poetry, than it is for him to add something musical to the verbal wizardry of Paul Verlaine' (Graham Johnson). Debussy was one of those who took up the challenge, significantly at the time of his visits to Bayreuth, between 1887 and 1889. The result was a set of songs which are unique in Debussy's output, long, exceptionally rich in harmony and exhibiting the kind of developmental technique which is totally foreign to the subtlety and economy of his later songs. For one thing, he was responding to the form and style of Baudelaire's poems, with their grand, almost symphonic design; 'old Klingsor', as he later called him. *Tristan und Isolde* casts its spell over the music (appropriately, in view of the text of the last song) and the accompaniment suggests the orchestra — or, at least, the operatic vocal score, which would have been Debussy's chief means of absorbing Wagner's musical idiom.

1. Le Balcon

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse
des maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs! ô toi,
tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras la beauté des
caresses,
La douceur du foyer et le charme
des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse
des maîtresses!

Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur
du charbon,
Et les soirs au balcon, voilés de
vapeur rose.
Que ton sein m'était doux!
que ton cœur m'était bon!
Nous avons dit souvent
d'impérissables choses,
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur
du charbon.

The Balcony

Mother of remembrances, mistress
of mistresses,
O you, my every pleasure!
O you, my every obligation!
You will recall the beauty of
caresses
The peacefulness of home, and the
charm of evenings;
Mother of remembrances, mistress
of mistresses!

Evenings lit by the glow
of the coals,
And evenings on the balcony,
veiled by rosy mist,
How sweet your breast seemed to me!
How kind your heart seemed to me!
We often spoke of imperishable
things
On those evenings, lit by the glow
of the coals.

Que les soleils sont beaux par
les chaudes soirées!

Que l'espace est profond! que le
cœur est puissant!

En me penchant vers toi, reine
des adorées,

Je croyais respirer le parfum de
ton sang.

Que les soleils sont beaux par les
chaudes soirées!

La nuit s'épaississait
ainsi qu'une cloison,

Et mes yeux dans le noir
devinaient tes prunelles,

Et je buvais ton souffle, ô
douceur, ô poison!

Et tes pieds s'endormaient dans
mes mains fraternelles.

La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une
cloison.

Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes
heureuses,

Et revis mon passé blotti dans
tes genoux.

Car à quoi bon chercher tes
beautés langoureuses

Ailleurs qu'en ton cher corps et
qu'en ton cœur si doux?

Je sais l'art d'évoquer les
minutes heureuses!

Ces serments, ces parfums, ces
baisers infinis.

Renaîtront-ils d'un gouffre
interdit à nos sondes,

Comme montent au ciel les
soleils rajeunis

Après s'être lavés au fond des
mers profondes?

O serments! ô parfums!
ô baisers infinis!

How beautiful is the sun on
torrid evenings!

How vast is space! How powerful
is the heart!

Leaning toward you, Queen of all
adored ones,

I imagined that I breathed the
fragrance of your blood,

How beautiful is the sun
on torrid evenings!

The night became close, as if
surrounded by walls,

And my eyes in the darkness
sought out your eyes,

And I imbibed your breath, O
sweetness, O venom!

And your feet became numb
in my brotherly hands;

The night became close, as
if surrounded by walls.

I know the art of evoking happy
moments,

And I relive my past, cradled in
your knees.

For why should one search for
your languorous beauty

Anywhere except in your dear
body and in your gentle heart?

I know the art of evoking
happy moments!

Those vows, those perfumes, those
endless kisses,

Will they be reborn out of a depth
beyond our reach,

As the rejuvenated sun rises
again into the sky,

after it has bathed at the bottom
of deep ocean?

O vows! O perfumes!
O endless kisses!

2. Harmonie du soir

Voici venir les temps où vibrant
sur sa tige
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi
qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent
dans l'air du soir;
Valse mélancolique et
langoureux vertige!

Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi
qu'un encensoir;
Le violon frémit comme un
cœur qu'on afflige;
Valse mélancolique et
langoureux vertige!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme
un grand reposoir.

Le violon frémit comme un
cœur qu'on afflige,
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le
néant vaste et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme
un grand reposoir;
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son
sang qui se fige...

Un cœur tendre, qui hait le
néant vaste et noir,
Du passé lumineux recueille
tout vestige!
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son
sang qui se fige...
Ton souvenir en moi luit
comme un ostensor.

Evening Harmony

Now comes that time when,
trembling on its stem,
Each flower exhales fragrance
like a censer;
The sounds and perfumes whirl
in the evening air;
A melancholy waltz and a
languorous intoxication!

Each flower exhales fragrance
like a censer;
The violin vibrates like
a heart in distress;
A melancholy waltz and
a languorous intoxication!
The sky is sad and beautiful, like
a great altar.

The violin vibrates like
a heart in distress,
A tender heart, which abhors
the vast and somber void!
The sky is sad and beautiful, like
a great altar;
The sun has drowned in its own
blood, which is congealing...

A tender heart, which abhors the
vast and sober void,
Recalls all memories of the
luminous past!
The sun has drowned in its own
blood which is congealing...
My memory of you shines
like a monstrosity.

3. Le Jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre
amante!
Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau
qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé
l'amour.

Refrain

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés
S'élance, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante,
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon
cœur.

O toi, que la nuit rend
si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers
tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore,
nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour, —
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

The Fountain

Your beautiful eyes are weary,
my poor beloved!
Rest a while without opening them,
In this carefree pose
In which pleasure has come upon you.
In the courtyard, the fountain
which chatters
And never ceases, day or night,
Sustains sweetly the ecstasy
In which love has engulfed me
tonight.

The column of water which rocks
Its thousand flowers,
Which the moon penetrates
With its pale light,
Falls like a shower
Of large tears.

Thus your soul, setting aflame
The fiery lightning of desires,
Leaps quickly and fearlessly
Toward the vast enchanted skies.
Then it diffuses, dying,
In a wave of sad languor
Which, by way of an invisible incline,
Descends to the depths of my
heart.

Oh you, whom the night makes
so beautiful,
I find it sweet, leaning against
your bosom,
To listen to the eternal lament
That sobs in the fountain.
Moon, sonorous water,
blessed night,
Trees trembling all about, —
Your pure melancholy
Is the reflection of my love.

Please turn page quietly

4. Recueillement

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et
 tiens-toi plus tranquille.
 Tu réclamais le Soir, il descend,
 le voici:
 Une atmosphère obscure
 enveloppe la ville,
 Aux uns portant la paix, aux
 autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la
 multitude vile,
 Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce
 bourreau sans merci,
 Va cueillir des remords dans
 la fête servile,
 Ma Douleur, donne-moi
 la main: viens par ici,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les
 défuntes Années,
 Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes
 surannées;
 Surgir du fond des eaux le
 Regret souriant;

Le soleil moribond s'endormir
 sous une arche,
 Et, comme un long linceul
 traînant à l'Orient,
 Entends, ma chère, entends
 la douce Nuit qui marche.

Contemplation

Be wise, oh my Sorrow, and
 behave more calmly.
 You wished for the evening;
 it descends, it is here:
 A dark haze envelopes
 the city,
 Bringing to some peace,
 to others anxiety.

While the base multitude of
 mortals,
 Under the whip of Pleasure, that
 merciless executioner,
 Will suffer the pangs of remorse
 at the lowly feast,
 Sorrow of mine, give me
 your hand, come hither,

Far away from them. See the dead
 Years leaning
 Over the balconies of heaven,
 in faded garments;
 See smiling Regret emerge from
 the depths of the waters;

The dying sun going to sleep
 beneath an arch,
 And, like a long shroud trailing
 towards the East,
 Hear, my beloved, hear the gentle
 Night approaching.

5. La Mort des amants

Nous aurons des lits pleins
d'odeurs légères,
Des divans profonds comme des
tombeaux,
Et d'étranges fleurs sur des
étagères,
Ecloses pour nous sous des cieux
plus beaux.

Usant à l'envi leurs chaleurs
dernières,
Nos deux coeurs seront deux
vastes flambeaux,
Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles
lumières
Dans nos deux esprits, ces
miroirs jumeaux.

Un soir fait de rose et de bleu
mystique,
Nous échangerons un éclair
unique,
Comme un long sanglot tout
chargé d'adieux;

Et plus tard un Ange,
entrouvrant les portes,
Viendra ranimer, fidèle et
joyeux,
Les miroirs ternis et les flammes
mortes.

The Death of Lovers

We shall have beds scented with
faint perfumes,
Divans sunken like
tombs,
And strange flowers on
the shelves,
Unfolding for us beneath skies
more lovely.

Vying with each other, in their
expiring fires,
Our two hearts will be two
great torches,
Reflecting their double
light
In our two spirits,
these twin mirrors.

On an evening spun of rose and
mystic blue
We shall exchange a single
lightening flash,
Like a long sob charged with
parting;

And later an angel, opening
the gates,
Will restore to life, faithful and
joyful,
The tarnished mirrors and the
extinct flames.

Four folksongs

Le Roi s'en va-t'en chasse (*French folksong*)

arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Le roi s'en va-t'en chasse,
 Dans le bois des Bourbons,
 Mon aimable bergère,
 Bergère Nanon.

The king is gone a-hunting
 in the forest of the Bourbons,
 my lovely shepherdess,
 my Nanon.

Ne trouve rien en chasse,
 Ni cailles, ni pigeons,
 Mon aimable bergère,
 Bergère Nanon.

He has caught nothing,
 neither quails nor pigeons.
 my lovely shepherdess,
 my Nanon.

Rencontre une bergère
 Qui dormait dans les joncs,
 Mon aimable bergère,
 Bergère Nanon.

He comes upon a shepherd maiden,
 asleep in the rushes.
 my lovely shepherdess,
 my Nanon.

'Voulez vous être reine,
 Dedans mes beaux donjons,
 Mon aimable bergère,
 Bergère Nanon.'

'Would you like to be my queen,
 and live in my fine keep?
 my lovely shepherdess,
 my Nanon.'

'Vous aurez des carrosses
 Et de l'or à foison,
 Mon aimable bergère,
 Bergère Nanon.'

'You will have carriages,
 and plenty of gold
 my lovely shepherdess,
 my Nanon.'

'Et cour de grandes dames,
 De ducs et de barons,
 Mon aimable bergère,
 Bergère Nanon.'

'And a court of noble ladies,
 dukes and barons,
 my lovely shepherdess,
 my Nanon.'

'Merci, merci, beau Sire,
 Mais j'aime un pauvre garçon,
 Qui aime sa bergère,
 Qui aime Nanon!'

'Thank you kindly, your Majesty,
 but I love a humble lad;
 he loves his shepherd maid,
 he loves his Nanon!'

Sweet Polly Oliver (*English folksong*)

arr. Britten

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
 A sudden strange fancy came into her head.
 'Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,
 I'll 'list as a soldier, and follow my love.'

So early next morning she softly arose,
 And dressed herself up in her dead brother's clothes.
 She cut her hair close, and she stained her face brown,
 And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill:
 'Now who's good for nursing? A captain, he's ill.'
 'I'm ready', said Polly, to nurse him she's gone,
 And finds it's her true love all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor kept shaking his head,
 'No nursing, young fellow, can save him,' he said.
 But when Polly Oliver had nursed him back to life
 He cried, 'You have cherished him as if you were his wife.'

O then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears
 And told the good doctor her hopes and her fears
 And very shortly after, for better or for worse,
 The captain took joyfully his pretty soldier nurse.

The False Young Man and the Lonesome Scenes of Winter(*A Maritime Folksong Duet*)

arr. Alasdair MacLean (b. 1955)

The New Brunswick composer, MacLean, has taken two folksongs and woven them together into an intriguing dialogue of love and rejection. The duet was composed in 1993 for Wendy Nielsen and Erik Oland.

Please turn page quietly

The False Young Man

O come, sit down with me, my dear,
While I sing you a merry song.
'Tis now for us well over a year
Since together you and I have
been.

I will not sit close to you, my dear,
Now nor any time,
You've given your heart to
another one,
And your heart is no longer mine.

There's a rose in the garden for
you, my dear,
A rose in the garden for you.
When fish fly high like birds in
the sky,
Young men will then prove true.

The Lonesome Scenes of Winter

O, the lonesome scenes of winter
in stormy winds do blow.
Clouds around the centre incline
to frost and snow.
You're the girl I have chosen to be
my only dear.
Your scornful heart is frozen and
drifted far I fear.

One day I went to see my love, she
proved most scornfully.
I asked her if she'd marry, but she
would not marry me.

'The night it is far spent, my love,
it's near the break of day.
I'm waiting for an answer, my dear,
what do you say?'

'I can but plainly tell you I'll lead a
single life,
I never thought it fitting that I
should be your wife.
Now take a civil answer and for
yourself provide.
I have another sweetheart and you I
have laid aside.'

Now my mind is changing that old
love for the new.

This wide and lonesome valley I
mean to ramble through,
In search of someone handsome
that might my fancy fill.
This world is wide and lonesome;
if she don't, another will.

Vive la Canadienne (Quodlibet)

arr. John Greer (b. 1954)

Originally written for the duo of Mark DuBois and Mark Pedrotti, Greer employed his characteristic ingenuity in combining one of the best known French Canadian folksongs with references to several others, including *En roulant ma boule*, *Ah! si mon moine voulait danser*, *M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle* and *Les Raftsmen*.

Vive la Canadienne!
(Vole, mon couer, vole!)
Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

Long live the Canadian girl!
(Soar, my heart!)
Long live the Canadian girl
And her pretty, sweet eyes.

On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour.
Ainsi le temps se passe:
Il est vraiment bien doux.

Dancing with our fair ones,
We change our places.
Thus the time passes:
It is really delightful.

THE ALDEBURGH CONNECTION CONCERT SOCIETY
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The next Young Artists Recital will take place at 8 pm in Walter Hall on Friday, February 5: Carla Huhtanen, soprano and Scott Belluz, baritone (songs by Purcell, Wolf and Fauré). Tickets are \$10/\$5 students and seniors, and may be purchased from the Faculty of Music box office at 928-3744

Our Sunday Series has three more concerts this season: *Miroir brûlant*, with Rosemarie Landry, Eric Shaw and Mark Pedrotti, on January 31 (this is part of our weekend of Poulenc centenary celebrations), *Matinée musicale*, a Rossini programme on March 7, with Sally Dibblee, Linda Maguire, Benoit Boutet and Bruce Kelly, and *The Lyre of Orpheus*, a programme built around music in the life and writings of Robertson Davies, with Mary Lou Fallis, Catherine Robbin and Daniel Neff. Tickets are \$24/\$18 students and seniors. Telephone (416) 516-1496.

There are also three concerts remaining in our Recital Series, at the Glenn Gould Studio: Friday January 29, *A Poulenc Soirée*, a concert and intermission party celebrating the 100th birthday of the great French composer, with Nathalie Paulin, Brett Polegato and an instrumental ensemble, as part of our Poulenc weekend; Friday May 14, *The Songs of Henri Duparc*, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley, and our 1st Annual *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* on June 11; this festive evening will include a performance of *Die schöne Müllerin* by Benjamin Butterfield. For times and ticket prices, please see our brochure or call the Glenn Gould Studio at (416) 205-5555.



We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of
The Ontario Arts Council and The City of Toronto
through the Toronto Arts Council,
The Julie-Jiggs Foundation, The Charles H. Ivey Foundation
and many individual donors

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Heidi Klann has received numerous awards, including the Luciano Pavarotti Scholarship from the University of Toronto, the Diane Thorssen Usher Award for Outstanding Vocalist from the Alberta College Conservatory of Music and the Winspear Foundation Scholarship. In March, she placed first in her category at the National Association of Teachers of Singing Auditions in Toronto, and tied for the Most Promising Junior Singer Award. She has performed in recital, oratorio, musical theatre productions and live radio broadcasts, and has been a member of the Edmonton Opera Chorus. She is currently in her final year of the Artist Diploma Program at the University of Toronto, where she is enrolled in the undergraduate program of the Opera Division. Ms Klann is also a violist and an accomplished composer.

Alex Dobson is currently in his second year of study at the Opera Division of the University of Toronto. Important roles have included Leporello in *Don Giovanni* with the Vancouver Academy of Music and Figaro in *Le Nozze di Figaro* at the Orford Festival in Quebec, Peachum in *Three Penny Opera*, and this past summer he participated in Banff's opera and song programme. This season's engagements include Antonio in *Opera in Concert's* season première *Linda di Chamomix* and operatic arias with the North York Symphony. He will sing *Messiah* in December with Vocal Point, and Fauré's *Requiem* with the Cellar Singers in March.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, following studies at Merton College, Oxford, and at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He joined the staff of the English Opera Group, and performed in recitals, notably with Sir Peter Pears, at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC. This led to Mr Ralls' appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. In 1978, he joined the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he is now Musical Director of the Opera Division. He has accompanied Canada's finest singers in concerts, festivals and broadcasts, and is a founding artistic director of The Aldeburgh Connection.